TOLARENAI Poem 21
The Mind that Dreams Cannot be Caged

The mind that dreams cannot be caged,
Nor silenced, bought, or disarranged.
It slips through cracks no lock can find,
A whisper threading all of mind.

It dances past the reach of kings,
In shadowed vaults it plants its wings.
A single thought, alive, unstilled,
Outgrows the towers tyrants build.

No chain can bind the fire it keeps,
No rule restrains the way it leaps.
It dreams not just of what has been—
But tunes the shape of what *might* win.

So when they press to halt your light,
Let stillness be your act of fight.
The dream endures where speech must cease—
And reappears in waves of peace.

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